

BARBARA. *(To Bobby.)* I say! Do you and Cyril like home-made cake?

BOBBY. Anything but "fairy."

BARBARA. *(Laughs.)* Chocolate?

BOBBY. Yes! To hell with the diet.

*(HE pats his stomach. BARBARA exits into kitchen. Barbara's telephone RINGS. BOBBY hesitates and then lifts the receiver.)*

BOBBY. *(Brightly.)* Hello!

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* Who's that?

BOBBY. *(Reacts. On phone.)* Bobby Franklyn. I've got the flat upstairs.

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* Well, I hope you're having a better time than I am.

BOBBY. *(On phone.)* I wouldn't know about that. I'll call Mrs. Smith for you.

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* It's Mr. Smith I want.

BOBBY. *(On phone.)* He's not in.

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* That's good. At least I think it's good. Did he sort of *rush* out in a state or anything?

BOBBY. *(On phone.)* I don't know *how* he left.

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* No. There aren't any *police* there, are there?

BOBBY. *(On phone.)* Is this a "phone-in" on Capital radio?

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* No.

BOBBY. I'll get Mrs. Smith for you.

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* No. She's probably had enough of me and my King Edwards.

BOBBY. *(Reacts. On phone.)* Well, would you like to leave a message?

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* Er—No. No. Mrs. Smith hasn't got a Standard floating around there has she?

BOBBY. *(On phone.)* A Standard? Floating? *(HE looks in the air for a "flag.")*

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* Newspaper. Evening Standard.

BOBBY. *(On phone.)* Oh. I really wouldn't know. Bit early, isn't it?

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* First edition. *(Quickly.)* She doesn't want to get it, though. It's a dreadful paper.

BOBBY. *(On phone, bemused.)* Yes, all right.

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* Don't you get it either.

BOBBY. *(On phone.)* I won't, I won't. Are you doing some sort of Market Research?

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* No. But if you see Mr. Smith just say Mr. Gardner rang.

BOBBY. *(On phone.)* Gardner.

STANLEY. *(On phone.)* And tell him things aren't too good down on the farm.

*(BARBARA returns from kitchen as STANLEY replaces receiver. During the ensuing dialogue, HE gets pen and pad from table drawer and writes a note, having folded the Evening Standard and put it in his pocket. BARBARA carries a tray on which is a pint of milk and two slices of chocolate cake on plates. SHE moves above settee to BOBBY who is still looking at receiver.)*

BARBARA. Here we are.

BOBBY. Oo, scrummy! I answered your telephone. *(Replaces receiver and takes tray.)*

BARBARA. Thanks. Any message?

BOBBY. Well, King Edward came into it somewhere. And—er—Mr. Gardner.

BARBARA. Oh, *him*.

BOBBY. I couldn't quite make out what he was on about.